NOT ALWAYS EASY.

It isn't always easy, when the day is cold and bright,
And you're very fond of coasting and can skate,
To be sitting on a school-bench, with the hill and pond in sight,
And adding rows of fractions on your slate.

It isn't always easy, when the brook is full of trout,
And your fishing-rod's behind the closet-door,
To have to fill the wood-box, and go pottering about
At things which never seemed so hard before.

It isn't always easy, when the sky is softly blue,
And the other girls are romping in the yard,
To practice all the morning—"one and two and one and two—"
And plod through scales ridiculously hard.

It isn't always easy, when there's anything on hand,
Which is pleasanter than study or than work,
To pull yourself together, and take a plucky stand,
And to tell yourself there's no such word as shirk.

It isn't always easy; but it certainly is right,
And it won't be long before results will show
That work and study give us all we have that's good and bright—
What little boys and girls can't always know.

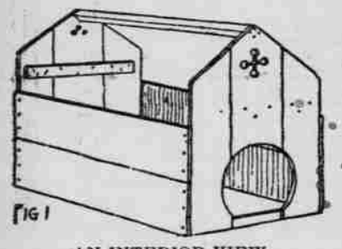
—Emma A. Opper, in Golden Days.

NEAT DOG KENNEL.

How Any Bright Boy Can House His Canine Pets Comfortably and Easily.

There are undoubtedly a great many boys who own dogs but perhaps have no kennel in which to keep them. A large box with a hole in it large enough for a dog to crawl through is better than nothing; but a kennel of neat appearance and simple construction can easily be made that when completed will appear like the illustration.

For a dog of medium size, a kennel should measure 36 inches long, 24 inches wide, and from bottom to peak it can stand 34 inches high. The hole at the front will have to be cut large enough so the dog may pass in and out

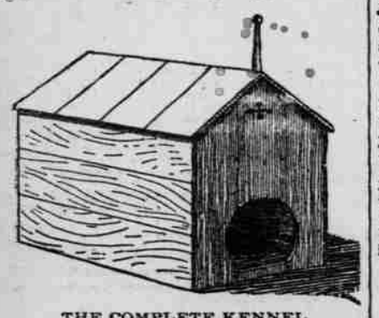


AN INTERIOR VIEW.

easily, and if made about 10 inches in diameter it should be the right size in proportion to the size of the kennel.

To build the kennel right, commence at the foundation and build up by making a floor 34 inches long and 22 inches wide. Boards with matched edges should be used, and under the floor boards nail three battens across, one at each end and one at the middle. These battens may be two by three inches and should be placed so they will stand three inches high to keep the bottom of the kennel free from the ground.

Make a front and back 22 inches wide, 24 inches high at the sides and 33 inches high at the middle or peak, and attach



THE COMPLETE KENNEL.

the boards together with battens as shown in Fig. 1, which is a constructional drawing. Attach them to the front and rear end of the floor with stout nails and brace them apart at the top with a ridge pole two or three inches square and 34 inches long.

With boards 36 inches long form the sides, as shown in Fig. 1, and finally roof the kennel with boards placed as shown in the illustration so there will be a projection forming eaves about two inches all around.

At the front of the box near the top cut four holes with a large bitt and connect them by sawing a slit with a compass or keyhole saw. This will be valuable as a ventilator, and it would be well to cut two or three small holes in the back boards as well.

A few coats of paint will finish the exterior of this kennel, which on completion should prove a very acceptable addition to a boy's possessions, as well as a house for the dog.

Spider Stops a Clock.

A spider that had woven a web around the pendulum, after infinite trouble and many failures that would have discouraged one less persevering, succeeded at last in stopping an old and reliable clock at Nantucket.

Use the Best Means at Hand.

Having no jail at Jerome, A. T., the police handcuff the arms of the prisoners around telegraph poles. The lawbreakers can stand, sit, or lie down, but can't escape hugging the pole.

A PECULIAR INSECT.

Found in Brazil and Used by the Natives for Sewing Up All Sorts of Wounds.

A very curious creature is the surgical ant of Brazil. The New York World has lately given an account of its uses, and asserts that the native Brazilian, far removed as he usually is from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched. Truth to tell, the average surgeon could do the job no better than these little insects.

The ant has two strong nippers on his head. They are his weapons for battle or forage.

When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses

AS GOOD AS A SURGEON.

the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the bug a squeeze. The indignant insect naturally snaps his nippers together, piercing the flesh and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk, and away it flies, leaving the nippers imbedded in the flesh. To be sure, that kills the ant, but, as he has served his most useful purpose in life, it is well. The operation is repeated until the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly.

DOG WITH WOODEN LEG.

He Lives in Los Angeles, Cal., and Makes Parachute Jumps for His Master's Benefit.

There is just one dog in the world that has a wooden leg, and he lives in Los Angeles, Cal. He is owned by William Hawkins, an aeronaut, and, besides being the wearer of an artificial limb, is quite a parachute jumper. Mr. Hawkins has on several occasions taken Jack up with him in his balloon, and, when at a considerable distance from the earth, cut the dog loose, still attached to the parachute, of course, and he has gently descended to mother earth.

All of Jack's aerial adventures have proved successful, as he has landed in every instance without accident, and seems to have enjoyed himself immensely. He is a little brown, curly dog, resembling a water spaniel more than anything else. The man who made Jack's wooden leg is George R. E. Milligan, of Los Angeles, and he tells this story about it:

"Jack was run over by a street car, which cut off one of his front legs. His master was passing by my place of business, saw wooden legs displayed in the window and immediately thought of Jack. He asked if it was possible for me to fit Jack up with a new limb. I told him that making artificial limbs for the lower animals had never occupied my attention before, but that if he would give Jack over to my care I would do the best I could for him. Jack's measure was taken, and in the course of time the limb was finished and Jack requested to come and try on the new member.

"To say the dog was pleased is putting it mildly, for he seemed to know what we were trying to do for him. He jumped around and barked in a manner that seemed to say: 'I am satisfied.' At first Jack did not know how to use his new limb, but by degrees he learned to use it quite well, and attracted the wonder and admiration of all who came in contact with him."—N. Y. Herald.

WHAT A DAY MEANS.

It Is the Interval Between Two Successive Passages of the Sun Across the Meridian.

Nine persons out of ten—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand—if asked how long it takes the earth to turn once on its axis would answer 24 hours; and to the question: How many times does it turn on its axis in the course of the year, the answer would be 365¼ times.

Both answers are wrong. It requires but 23 hours and 56 minutes for the earth to make one complete turn, and it makes 366¼ turns during the year.

The error springs from a wrong idea of what is meant by a day. The day is not, as is commonly supposed, the time required by the earth to make one turn on its axis, but the interval between the two successive passages of the sun across the meridian; that is to say, the time which elapses after the sun is seen exactly south, in its diurnal course through the heavens, before it is again seen in that position.

Now, in consequence of the earth's revolution in its orbit, or path round the sun, the sun has the appearance of moving very slowly in the heavens in a direction from east to west. At noon to-morrow the sun will be a short distance to the east of the point in the heavens at which it is seen at noon today, so that when the earth has made one complete turn it will still have to turn four minutes longer before the sun can again be seen exactly south.—Golden Days.

A Perfectly Model Man

By Ella Higginson.

SHE lay there alone in the dark.

It was near midnight. When the lights had been dimmed throughout the house, and stillness had settled upon everything, he had arisen in unbearable suffering and gone softly down stairs. It was her last night in the house, whose every chair and curtain seemed to thrill as he passed, and he must be nearer the room in which she lay asleep—forevermore asleep.

He threw himself upon a couch in the hall. He lay on his back with one arm thrown over his eyes. He was trembling like an old, old man—or like a dog that lies out in the cold and wet and hears a fire crackling within the house.

A fine rain was beating ceaselessly against the windows and doors. The climbing rose against the side of the house moved its arms as the wind bore down upon it. It had not been a month since she had asked him to tack it more securely, as the autumn winds were coming on; and he had replied that he would do it some other time—he had an engagement now. The engagement had been to play billiards with a man for whom he cared nothing. She was standing on the steps in her pale blue gown, with tacks and bits of leather and a long-handled hammer in her hands. He recalled the cloud of disappointment that had drifted suddenly across her face. The following morning he had observed that the vine was tacked in place, and he had not thought of it again. Until now! Why on earth should he think of it now? Was not his anguish deep enough? Why could he not remember rather the things he had done to make her happy—the pleasant home he had given her, the jewels, the pretty gowns, the carriage—ah, the carriage! His heart opened and closed suddenly. The carriage in which she seemed to take no pleasure because he never went driving with her! He had told her that he was too busy! Good God! his heart cried out roughly, why need he have lied to her? She must have known then that he was lying to her; surely she knew it now.

Presently he became aware that two women had entered an adjoining room. They drew their chairs to the fire and sewed and talked. The door leading into the dark hall was open. It seemed good to him—less lonely—that they should be there. They spoke in unhushed voices, as if to make it more cheerful for themselves.

"Well," said one, after they had talked of other things, biting a thread and rolling the end between her thumb and forefinger, "she had everything that heart could want. He's a good man, an' he was mighty good to her." She bent toward the lamp to thread her needle. Her eyelids flickered close together. Tiny wrinkles ran around her eyes.

The other woman was silent.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Gregg, beginning to sew, "there ain't many men as good to a woman's he was. She had a nice home, all furnished up nice—why, that sideboard alone cost $200 if it cost a cent! She had a cook an' a second girl—I never could see why they call 'em second girls—an' a kerriage, an' fine jewelry, an' dresses. She had a plenty o' spending money besides."

The other woman was silent. Why did she not speak. He lifted his head and looked at her. She rocked back and forth as she sewed. Her eyes were on her work. He knew her well—a poor neighbor to whom his wife had given much sewing and of whom she had always been fond. Only a few hours before her death she had spoken to him of this woman. "You'll do something for her sometimes, dearest," she had whispered, even after speech was a difficult thing for her. "Do little things for her and the children—and do them delicately—so you will not—hurt—her—" She had sunk back in his arms, exhausted, and finished the sentence with a smile.

"Look at her front door," went on Mrs. Gregg. "She wanted a fine one, an' she got it. She got every blessed thing she took a notion for, from a ourglar-proof closet for her silverware to a Poppa Gonteer rosebush. You got that seam done, Mis' Medca'f?"

Mrs. Medcalf held up the seam to show that it lacked several inches of being finished.

"Oh, you'll soon have it done. It's a pity she ain't got any children. He'll be so much more lonesome, a-comin' home at night an' not findin' anybody here."

Then of a sudden the other woman spoke: "I reckon he won't be any lonesomer'n she's been all these years, a-settin' here alone, night after night, till 11 o'clock."

No knife ever sent a more sickening pain through a heart than those words sent through the heart of the man who lay there in the dark and heard.

"Hum—er—hum," said Mrs. Gregg. "I expect it did get kind of lonesome for her. He—he—that is, I guess he did have to stay downtown most of the time. But he didn't have any bad habits—didn't drink or gamble or look at other women. He was a perfectly model husband."

There was no reply to this, and presently Mrs. Gregg continued: "I never'd thought she'd up and utter a word of complaint agen such a husband."

"She never did," said Mrs. Medcalf. "Never 'n her life, so far's I know. She worshiped the land he walked on. You could see that with ha'f an eye. But she led a mighty lonesome life, model husband or no model husband. He didn't have any bad habits. I know that. He just simply wa'n't domestic. He'd rather set down town an' play some fool game or other than to set at home an' read or play cards with his wife. It ain't no sin, an' I ain't sayin' it is; an' when a woman has that kind of a husband the whole neighborhood's ready to scream out: 'My—O! What does gettin' lonesome amount too? She ain't got any call fer complaint, 's I can see. She'd best be thankin' her stars she ain't got a husband that comes home drunk an' abuses her, or gambles everything he earns away in some old saloon or other!' An' I ain't the one to be claimin' they ain't right, an' she wa'n't the one to complain about anything. But what I see with my own eyes I guess I know. One night she come over to our house for somethin', an' when she comes in—well, if I do say it myself, our little settin'-room did look bright an' cheerful, even if we ain't got much in it. He always builds up a big fire'n the fireplace in winter, an' pops a big pan o' corn an' gets up some apples from the cellar, an' then sets down an' reads an' talks while I sew. An' we was settin' there that night when she comes in with a blue dress on an' a black lace scarf over her head, an' cries out: 'Oh, how cozy you are! Why, is your husband at home evenings?' An' she had the wishfullest eyes I ever looked into.

"'Yes,' I says real quick, for I didn't want to hurt her feelin's, 'he works so hard all day he don't feel much like goin' out nights.'

"'Why, he isn't home every night, is he?' she cries out.

"'Yes, I be,' says he, before I could speak. 'W'y, ain't your husband?'

"'No,' she says, an' she walked over an' stood lookin' down into the fire; an' then she says, very slow: 'I'd be the happiest woman on earth if he was.'

"'Well,' says he, lookin' at her close, 'he's home sometimes in the evenin', ain't he?'

"'Don't you like popcorn?' cries I, jumpin' up quick, for I knew he never was; an' sure enough, her face was as red as fire—an' if there wa'n't tears in her eyes I don't know tears when I see 'em!"

"He was my idee of a perfectly model husband," said Mrs. Gregg, sternly. "I don't see how anybody can find it in their heart to utter a word agen him."

"I ain't a-utterin' a word agen him, Mis' Gregg. I'm just tellin' you that she was a turable lonesome woman, even if he did give her everything heart could ask. That time after her baby died he stayed home with her every evenin'—he didn't go downtown a-once, not a-once—"

"You got that seam most finished?" demanded Mrs. Gregg, in a tone of extreme irritation. "After you get it all finished we'll go out in the breakfast room an' get somethin' to eat. There's a nice lunch all laid out on the table. We'll make some tea on the gas stove."

"But it didn't last long," went on Mrs. Medcalf, unmoved. "In less'n two weeks he had to run downtown just for a minute—"

"You like tea or coffee best, Mis' Medca'f? We can boil one as easy's the other."

"Tea. An' his minutes kep' gettin' longer and longer, an' in less'n two weeks more—"

"I've got my seam all done, Mis Medca'f. Ca-ha-ca-ha-ha," coughed Mrs. Gregg. "There, I'm ketchin' cold."

"In two weeks more he was a-stayin' out just as late as ever. An' then it seemed as if she just couldn't stay at home alone evenin's—"

Mrs Gregg arose suddenly, scraping her chair back with a rasping sound. She went to the sideboard, ca-ha-ca-ha-ha-ing noisily as she went. She came back bearing a heavy solid silver cake-tray in both hands. "Heft that," she said, sternly. "Just heft it."

Mrs. Medcalf hefted it.

"Unh-hunh—solid," she said, briefly, unimpressed. "So she took to comin' over to my house to set a little while, with her white face and black dress, lookin' as sad."

She paused and bent sideways to pick up her thimble, which had fallen. But Mrs. Gregg did not speak. She set the cake-tray in its place on the $200 sideboard. She brushed some imaginary dust off the embroidered cover with her hand. He, lying in the dark hall, observed her movements with that unconscious interest in trivial things which takes hold of one powerfully in great moments. She shook out the folds of her white apron, and stood for a second irresolute. Then she returned slowly to her chair and sat down with a look of utter defeat. Mrs. Medcalf continued her story with irritating complacence. Mrs. Gregg turned her face entirely away, and leaning her head against the back of the chair, closed her eyes and sat motionless, as if asleep. Mrs. Medcalf had her innings, and she made the most of them.

"'Specially on windy nights, when doors rattled an' latches lifted up, she couldn't stay alone. So she used to come over and set there till bedtime, an' then go home in the rain an' dark, an' go into that lonesome house all alone—an' him down town without a habit!"

Mrs. Medcalf had finished; she arose, triumphant. She folded her work neatly and leisurely and laid it on the table. Then she pushed her needle into it and laid her thimble on top of it—balancing it so it would not roll off. "He was a perfectly model husband," she said then, imitating Mrs. Gregg's tone; "but I reckon she'll never be any lonesomer up in that windy graveyard than she was here. Shall we go out now an' get somethin' to eat?"

She went slowly out of the room. Mrs. Gregg arose with her lips set together grimly, and followed.

And he—he lay there alone in the dark!—Woman's Home Companion.

At It Again.

She Who Had Been Abroad—And what do you think? At Monte Carlo I placed a five-franc piece on the number of my age on the roulette board and won!

She Who Had Not Been Abroad—But, dear, there are only 36 numbers in roulette.—Indianapolis Journal.

THEY WERE COMRADES.

Drummer and Fifer of War Days Meet by Chance in a Guard Armory.

The Auburn armory was the scene of a very interesting incident one evening recently.

The soldier boys gathered there for drill and a couple of hundred citizens were on hand to watch them. The armory was wide open.

Capt. Barney entertained guests when not engaged with business in his private apartments on the first floor. Thirty or forty men and boys were congregated in the small armory close by, while a hundred or more people watched the drill in the drill hall on the floor above. The music of the fife and drum could be heard above the noise made by the marching of half a hundred men and the applause and cheers of the multitude.

Finally at about nine o'clock the drummer entered the small armory with the intention of putting his drum and fife into the locker. He was followed into the room by a middle-aged man, wearing a light slouch hat and a cape ulster. He was a stranger to every man in the party.

"Before you put that fife into the locker," said he to the drummer, "let me try it. I used to play a little now and then."

The drummer consenting, the stranger took the fife and placed it to his lips. He blew into the instrument and ran his fingers over the notes. Everybody was all attention, for it was seen at once that the stranger had played a fife before. He set the pace for the infantry's drummer, and away they went. Keeping time with his foot, the fifer, selecting a patriotic though difficult piece, played it through several times. When the fifer dropped his arms the crowd applauded and asked for more.

"I used to play, boys, but I'm a little rusty now," said he, "but I like it all the same."

"You're all right, stranger," shouted a man in the rear ranks; "give us some more."

At this the crowd announced its approval and the fifer played on. He played "Yankee Doodle," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and all sorts of popular airs. The people came down from the drill hall and crowded around the strange fifer.

"Who is he?" was the word.

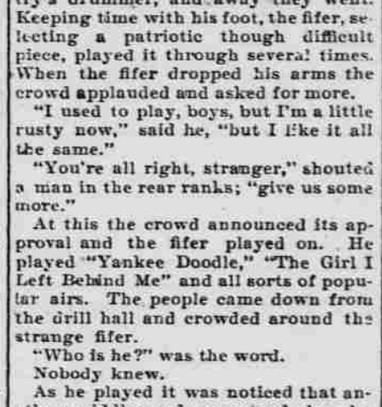
Nobody knew.

As he played it was noticed that another middle-aged man stood close by and was taking a deep interest in the performance. He wore a stiff hat and a winter overcoat, with collar turned up. Like the fifer, he was a stranger to every man in the armory.

"Mr. Drummer," said he, as the drummer was about to put away the drum, "before you lay the drum aside let me try it. I used to handle the sticks, but I haven't had a pair in my hands for more than ten years."

The stranger took the drum, the fifer struck up, and straightway the best fife and drum music ever heard in the Auburn armory was in progress. It had been good with the stranger fifer and the regular infantry drummer, but with the stranger fifer and stranger drummer it was perfection itself. What more inspiring in days of war than the music of the fife and the drum?

The fifer and the drummer were veterans at this music. Thirty years ago they had played together time and time again, and yet they stood there in the armory face to face, strangers. It was noticed that their playing was in perfect harmony. The drum kept up with the fife, although the fife was extremely lively and hard to follow. Great enthusiasm was awakened by the wonder-



THE BEST FIFE AND DRUM MUSIC EVER HEARD.

ful playing of martial music, and when they had finished they were given a cigar and an invitation to come again.

"Gentlemen," said Capt. Barney, "step into my room and have a cigar. I have been very highly entertained with your music, and I want the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Gen. Sprague and a Journal reporter were also invited in. Capt. Barney inquired the names of the strangers, and when he did so he unconsciously opened up the romance.

"My name," spoke up the drummer, "is Christie—George S. Christie."

"Christie!" ejaculated the fifer, stepping forward. "George S. Christie, the George S. Christie who used to play the snare drum with me 30 years ago?"

"Stranger things have happened," replied the drummer. "What's your name?"

"Waldron—Eben Waldron. As I told the boys out in the armory just now, I used to play the fife."

The recognition was mutual. "I guess you could play the fife, old fellow," replied Christie. "I never got in with a fifer so hard to follow with a snare drum as you. But didn't we used to give it to 'em, though?"

Reminiscences followed and a half hour was spent in Capt. Barney's cozy apartments.

Mr. Christie comes from St. Albans. He is a shoemaker and is about going to work in a shop in Auburn. Mr. Waldron comes from Pittfield and has been in Auburn only a short time. Twenty-five or thirty years ago they used to play a fife and drum together and were prominent in many of the public gatherings of the day in central Maine. Mr. Waldron enlisted as a private in the Ninth regiment and was detailed to the drum corps. The gentlemen had not met for over 20 years. That evening they were attracted to the armory by the sound of the drum and fife. They went in at different times, and were not together till they met as strangers in the small armory.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

HE GOT THE FURLOUGH.

How a Young Soldier Managed to Get Home to His Dying Father.

Col. Cunningham, of Glens Falls, N. Y., in a Lincoln day talk before the high school of that place, related among other personal reminiscences of the war president the following incident: "In the spring of 1863 I was on duty at the Old Capital prison, Washington. One day a quite young soldier of the guard of New Jersey troops came to me with a telegram informing him of his father's fatal illness and urging him to hasten home. The young soldier was much distressed, and said he must have a furlough so he could leave for home that day. I said I would do what I could, but that at best it would take from two to four days for

"MY FATHER IS DYING."

his application to go the rounds of the several headquarters, and that even then success was not certain.

"'I must see my father before he dies,' he said, and then, as if grasping at a straw of hope, he continued: 'I'll go to President Lincoln—that's what I'll do. If I can only see him I know I can get away to-day. Just give me a note saying as good things as you can of me—that you believe me honest and all right—something of that sort, and please hurry.'

"I did not discourage him by speaking of the difficulties I was sure he would encounter in trying to see the president, but gave him the note and wished him success. Arriving at the white house, he was decidedly told that he could not see the president, but while he was earnestly pleading his urgency Mr. Lincoln chanced to make his appearance, and, noticing the soldier, inquired what he wanted.

"'Oh, Mr. Lincoln,' said the boy, 'I was told I couldn't see you, but I do see you. I want a furlough. My father is dying, Mr. Lincoln. I just want a few days—only a few days—so I may see him once more. Please read these,' handing the president the telegram and the note.

"The president read them, and, kindly placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, said: 'Of course you want a furlough. I am going to the war department, so come with me and we'll arrange it.'

"On the way the president asked his age, about his father, mother, family and other kindly questions. Mr. Lincoln procured at once a war department furlough for ten days, delivered it to the young man in person, and, with a warm good-by handshake, said: 'My boy, I hope you will find your father better, and that he may live to see you safely home again, after the war is over.'

"The New Jersey soldier boy was back from the white house in less than two hours, and with tears of gratitude told me the simple story of his interview with his great-hearted commander in chief."—N. Y. Tribune.

An Unexpected Treat.

During a foraging expedition in connection with Sherman's march to the sea a captain in charge of a company of soldiers, marching through the woods some distance away from the main body of the army, in rounding a sharp curve in the road came suddenly upon a house almost covered with foliage. In front of the house was a woman picking up chips. Her back was toward the soldiers and she had not noticed their approach. The captain motioned to his men to halt, and, tiptoeing up to the side of the woman, he put his arm around her waist and kissed her. Stepping back a pace or two he waited for the bitter denunciation he was sure would come. The woman, however, straightened herself up, looked at the officer a moment and then said, slowly: "Captain, you'll find me right here every morning a-picking up chips."—Col. C., in Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

"Is there any difference between 'sick' and 'ill?'"

"Why, it's just like this: the man who gets sick sends for a doctor, while the man who becomes ill summons a physician."—Puck.